TO THE SOCIETY OF THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

A Pindarick Poem.

By the Author of the late Satyr againſt Woman.

Licenſed
March 5. 168$\frac{6}{7}$.

RO: L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON:
Printed for *Joſeph Knight* and *Francis Saunders* at the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1687.

TO
Fleetwood Sheppard Esq;

SIR,

I *Need not here the Servile Path pursue,*
By doing what most Dedicators *do;*
Lay out their Patron's *Vertues on a Stall,*
Like Pedlars Ware, to please the Crowd withall,
And be despis'd by the Judicious Eye,
Which does but look, and loath, and pass regardless by:
Your Merit speaks itself; A Poet's *Care*
In lofty Praise woud be superfluous there:
What need that Man in a Fool's *Coat be shown,*
That has one very graceful of his own?
I wave that Subject then, your gen'rous Mind,
Wit, Judgment, Converse, and what else we find,
So Lov'd, Admir'd, and Courted by Mankind,
And humbly at your Feet this worthless Tribute lay,
I owe You much, and blush I can so little pay.

Sir, I am, &c.

TO THE SOCIETY OF THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

A Pindarick Poem.

I.

IF *Poets* when they undertake
A Glorious lofty *Theme*,
That does ſome *Heroe*'s worth immortal make,
And fix it in the foremoſt rank of Fame,
So firm, 'tis hard to ſay, if Fate
Or that will bear the longer Date;
If they invoke ſome God to be
Propitious, and infuſe
Life, Spirit, Warmth, and Vigor in the *Muſe*,

That

That through the whole may brightly ſhine,
And ſhew they're guided by a hand Divine;
What *Power*, What *Deity*,
You learn'd *Society*,
Muſt be invok't by me!
'Tis *You*, great Souls, 'tis *You*,
That are my Theme muſt aid me too:
If your Aſſiſtance does my Labour bleſs,
I ſhall not doubt Succeſs;
For while I write to Men,
That are themſelves ſuch Maſters of the Pen,
Solid, Judicious, Wiſe,
That ſearch the dark Retreats where Error lies,
And pluck off the Diſguiſe;
While ſuch I praiſe, Shame, if not Skill,
Will my Deſire fulfil;
'Tis hard on ſuch a *Subject* to write ill.

II.

No tedious ways y'ave taken, no *Meander*'s trac'd;
Well knowing, they
That will be obſtinate and go aſtray,
And leave the Eaſie for a Rugged way,

Are

Are but the more remarkably diſgrac'd,
As ſome dull *Chymiſts* with much toil and pain,
Labour of Body and of Brain,
Wear out their wretched Days,
In ſolid Poverty and empty Praiſe;
And all to find (ſuch Notions do they ſtart,)
What neither is in *Nature* nor in *Art*.
In vain they ſtrive that pathleſs Rock t' explore,
Where they have ſeen ſo many ſplit before,
And loſt on that inhoſpitable Shore.
Caſtles they ſtill build in the Air;
Rapt with the Bliſs
They ſhall poſſeſs
In their new Golden Worlds, the Lord knows where!
But after all we ſee,
(In ſpite of their Stupidity,)
When their whole Life is in expectance paſt,
Drill'd on by hope, and flatter'd to the laſt,
Inſtead of the fam'd *Stone* of which they're proud,
That Geugaw in whoſe Praiſe they've been ſo loud,
Meet the Reſemblance only, and an empty Cloud.

III.

III.

No; you did better fix your Aim,
And to the Honour of your Name,
At once atchieve a lasting Fame:
When first you did your Forces join,
When first you did your mingled Lustre twine,
In that bright *Orb* in which you shine,
Ev'n Envy must allow,
You merited Applause almost as much as now.
When 'twas your pleasure to enrol
In your fam'd List some worthy Soul,
Not with the Major, but the General voice,
You still proceeded to the Choice;
For whom one recommended, all the rest
A like Esteem expreſt,
And shot their friendly Souls into his Breast:
Which proves the Body's Purity,
From factious and from selfish Members free.
No Triflers you did admit,
Retaylers in the trade of Wit;
No Farce-Companions, that with awkard meen
Court every Punk they meet, and every where are seen.

No

No sordid Scribblers, whose unlicens'd Rhimes
Add to our growing Crimes,
And will, I fear, pluck down a Judgment on the Times.
This Fry was scorn'd;——To none
Was the great Favour shown,
But who brought equal Merit of their own;
Such as were worthy, and believ'd
The Honor worthy they receiv'd;
That loath'd the crying Follies of the Age,
And the lewd Scenes of the declining Stage,
The Cowards calmness, and the Bully's rage,
The Statesmans Quibbles, and the Lawyers Wiles,
The Soldiers Braggs, and the Town-Strumpets Smiles,
The Fops gay dress that sets up for a *Beau*;
With all that think they're Wits, and are not so.
These were the *Genii*, these the Soul;
And such as these compose the whole.

IV.

Thus constituted, your bright Progress you begun,
And 'tis a wond'rous pace y'ave run:

For to that pitch of Glory y'are arriv'd,
As men of *Senſe* admire;
Yet you ſtop not, but ſtill aſpire,
More honorable ſtill, as you grow longer-liv'd.
You make it not your buſineſs to pry
Into the dark-wrought ſnares of Policy,
(Made intricate by juggling Elves,
And is a Trap to catch themſelves,)
Ne're vex or wonder at thoſe Turns of Fate,
That make ſo many Knaves and Coxcombs great;
Does upſtart *Muſhrooms* raiſe,
Till they (like *Meteors*,) blaze,
And make the laviſh *Poets* wanton in their Praiſe.
This ſtyles 'em noble, and this juſt,
And tells how well they have diſcharg'd their Truſt;
(Though they rais'd all their Store
By cheating of the Publick and the Poor,
As by Eſtates ſoon got w'are ſure they muſt.
Another does their Eloquence approve,
As if their Tongues dropt from above;
And ſwear like *Orpheus*'s Harp they make the Foreſts move;
(And yet, to him that nicely marks,
A Dog keeps more Coherence when he barks.)

Thus

Thus do they flouriſh----but anon,
The ſtorm of Fate comes on,
They're prov'd falſe Metal, and they muſt be gone.
And that which now appear'd ſo bright,
Has in a moment loſt it's glaring Light;
And all the reſt is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

V.

Nor is your Time miſpent in *Parchment Jar*,
The Helliſh Buſtle of the *Bar*,
Where the loud prattling *Tribe* wage an eternal War;
A *War* while there:-----high Words are rais'd,
Their Pedigree and Virtues blaz'd;
That is the iſſue of a Firſt-rate Clown,
And wore his Leathern Breeches up to Town:
This is a Pimp to Cauſes, ſuch a Cheat,
He'd pawn his *Soul* for a five ſhilling Treat.
That has a Conſcience *Steel'd*, and this a Face of *Braſs*,
And He, that looks ſo gravely, is an *Aſs*.
Yet when they next meet, they agree;
Who but dear *Jack*? and *Billy*, who but He?
Conſult afreſh, to raiſe their *Clients* Strife
And make it laſt as long as Life:

And yet they know the *Law* was meant
What's wrongful to redreſs,
To free the Poor and Innocent,
And make their ſufferings leſs.
For *Law* were Heavenly, if 'twere rightly us'd;
But beſt things grow the worſt when they're abus'd:
That this is ſo, is plain;
For who e're was in Law, that had not Reaſon to complain?
How could *Grays-Inn*, or how the *Temple* riſe,
(Such pompous Piles, as ev'n outbrave the Skies,
And ſeem a *Dwelling* fit for *Deities*,)
If all the Caſh which ſuch a Charge ſuſtain'd,
Had righteouſly been gain'd?
Let 'em then talk what they pleaſe,
Banter, *Buz*, and lie for *Fees*,
We ſee which way they draw;
And ſafely may aſſert,
(And all Unprejudic'd will take our part,)
No man can be a thorow Knave if not well vers'd in *Law*.

VI.

But as you ſhun, and hate
Theſe *Caterpillars* of the State,

That

That ravage on the Spring just as they please,
And leave the barren after-Corp to other Sciences;
So you laugh too at those
(For they deserve not Pity, but your Scorn,)
That madly run into the dangerous Noose,
And wilful Bondage before Freedom chuse;
Bondage so heavy to be born.
Such Brutes! They wou'd let all the Poor
Rot and perish at the door,
E're they'd relieve 'em with a single *Mite*;
Yet spend *Estates* to propagate their Spite:
Wou'd give a Million without grutch
To *Petifoggers*, *Rooks*, and such,
Just for the dear delight to make another spend as much:
Yet think not what Fate will at last befall,
Or who stands waiting by to snap up all.
At the *Groom-Porters*, so,
Iv'e seen some Fops impatient for the Throw,
Win their Three Hands and pay,
And still keep on their Play;
Till between what is won and lost,
(Dame *Fortune*, like a Ball at Tennis, tost,)
The Box has half the Cash engross't:

Still they push on, nor mind the impendent ill;
The *Purse* will empty, as the *Box* does fill.
And so too have I read
In living Lines, thô the fam'd Authors dead;
The *Frog* and *Mouse* were once at mortal strife,
And each in equal hazard of his Life;
The *Kyte* who saw the vain Contest,
(And by the way,
These Tongue-Antagonists, like them, are Birds of Prey,)
To give a warning to the rest,
And make their senseless sewd a Jest,
Devours 'em both, ends the Dispute:
Dull Souls, whom such Examples can't confute.

VII.

Nor stop you here; The *Velvet-Quack*,
That wears a Leash of *Lives* upon his back,
Feels your *Resentment* like the rest,
For him alike disgust expresst.
Nor does his grave Disguise,
(Which he affects to make us think he's wise,)
Preserve him from the *Notion* of a *Cheat*,
That grows by purging and by poysoning great.

How

How negligent they are too well we see,
And careful of our *Lives* what need they be,
That both ways, live, or die, will have their *Fee?*
By Indirection thus they raise their Store,
Keep their gay *Lacquey*, *Coach*, and *Whore*,
And *Fops* of *Quality* can do no more.
As for *Religion*, what they have, they feign,
Tis not consistent with their way of Gain,
'Twou'd make 'em charitable Paths pursue,
Which they that will be Rich can never do.
Their Spawn, the *Drug-compounder* too,
(Who, *Leach-like*, cleave to the poor *Patient* close,
And suck their *Purses* full 'ere they break loose;)
With their damn'd, long, unconscionable *Bills*,
Bring in as many Pounds as they deliver *Pills*.
Thus *Fools*, with *Villains* wilfully complying,
Are made to pay for dying;
Nay some leave 'em large *Legacies* by *Will*,
And ev'n in Death admire their Murderers *Skill*.

VIII.

Unhappy and prepostrous *Man*!
(For from thyself this *Ruin* first began;)

Of all created Things
None are so curst as *Thee!*
So curst by their Simplicity!
The feather'd and the four-foot kind,
VVithout those helps we boast to find,
Endure Heav'ns *Wrath*, excessive *Heat* and *Cold*,
Yet grow, according to their *Natures*, old:
Nor are among themselves at Strife,
How to abridge the little Span of *Life*;
VVhich of itself, alas! is quickly gone,
And flies too fast to be push'd faster on.
But *Man*, vain *Man*, has made a thousand Keys,
To open that one Lock, which ends his Days.
Or if *Sword*, *Fire*, the *Plague*, and *Tempests* fail,
They're not Quack-proof, He'l certainly prevail.
O for a VVestern VVind, that may
To the *Red Sea*
These num'rous *Locusts* bear,
A greater Curse than those of *Egypt* were:
They but a while brought Desolation; (Nation.
But these are fixt a standing Plague to scourge the sinful

IX.

No leſs do you deſpiſe
The dull *Aſtrologers* groſs Abſurdities,
VVho through their *Teleſcopes* pore on the *Skies*,
To Calculate *Nativities*,
And find out *Fools* and *Womens Deſtinies*:
When ſuch a one may ſcape being Hang'd or Drown'd;
When *Spirits* walk, where *Treaſure* may be found,
At *Peru*, under Ground.
When *Comets* do appear,
With ſwinging *Tails*, and blazing *Hair*,
To what part of the World they threaten *Plague* and *War*.
What all our ſenſeleſs *Dreams* import,
(Dreſt in a thouſand various Shapes,
Centaurs, *Chimæras*, *Bulls* and *Apes*,)
When *Fancy* is diſpoſed her *Airyſhip* to Sport.
And thus, with their *Twelve Houſes* and their *Schemes*,
Run into more Ridiculous Extreames,
Than *Poets*, *Fools* and *Madmen*, in their *Dreams*:
For how ſhould they tell Fortunes, when 'tis known
They are ſo ignorant of their Own?

Or dive into the Intrigues of *France* and *Rome*,
That know not what one Hour will produce here at *Home*?
Can thoſe into *Fates* dark Receſſes ſee,
And find out what is to be?
That ſhall forget, (to prove how far they ſtray,)
What their own ſelves did Yeſterday?
To tell what is to come, how dare they boaſt,
That can't retrieve the ſlighteſt Image *Memory* has loſt?

X.

In the ſame File with thoſe, you do
The *wou'd-be-Virtuoſi*'s Place,
Thô to ſpeak Truth, they don't deſerve the Grace.
Who is it, that can ſee
Their *Magazins* of *Trumpery*;
And how prepoſterouſly the're all employ'd,
And not, at the firſt view, be cloy'd?
Here one, that thinks he is no *Aſs*,
Has in his Magnifying-Glaſs
Stuck up a *Crab-Louſe*, and does pry
Upon't with ſuch a heedful Eye,
You'd think ſome horrid Prodigy,
Or a new World were juſt upon Diſcovery!

Yet

Yet all the while ſhall have no other Aim,
Than juſt to ſee (as 'tis divulg'd by *Fame*,)
If it be like the *Fiſh* that bears the Name:
Then into their Extraction they enquire,
And prove 'em *Couſin-Germans*, if not nigher.
Another does to *Montpellier* repair
To bring home bottled *Air*;
Extremely good to let looſe here;
A Pint enough to purify a *Shire*.
A Third will ſend for *Water* from the *Rhine*,
Only to make Compariſon between
The *Thames* and That, which of the two's moſt light,
Or which will freeze the thickeſt in a Night.
Others aver, the *Mites* in *Cheeſe*
Live in a *Monarchy* like *Bees*;
Have Civil Laws and Magiſtrates,
Their Riſe, their Periods and Fates,
Like other Human Pow'rs and States:
And by a ſtrange peculiar Art,
Can hear 'em Sneeze, Diſcourſe and Fart.
Theſe *Men* by right ſhould be *Aſtrologers*,
And hold Acquaintance with the *Stars*:
Happy for doubting Man 'twou'd be,
For they that have ſuch Ears, what is't they may not ſee?

Would ſerious Men that ſaw 'em labour thus,
And waſte whole Years to be Ridiculous,
Wou'd ſuch their Actions by right Reaſon ſcan,
They'd find no other Brute ſo dull as Man.

XI.

Nay ev'n *Philoſophy* is not exempt
From meriting Contempt:
'Tis true, its *Excellencies* are
Above all other Learning far,
That but a *Glow-worm*, this a *Star*:
Yet 'tis not wholly priviledg'd from Faults,
And thoſe employ my preſent Thoughts.
How many wild *Opinions* have took Birth
From Man, that lumpiſh Son of Earth?
That blindly gropes on in the Dark,
For all their Works expreſs,
The beſt of 'em but ſpeak by gueſs.
No wonder they ſhoot wide, that cannot ſee the Mark.
Here one, the firſt and wiſeſt, did not know
But that this mighty Frame was always as 'tis now,
And did on it's own Power depend,
As ſelf-exiſtent, and would never end.

Another

Another (as if just wak'd from a Trance,
And seen the *Atoms* in their Antick Dance;
These *Atoms* which (he says,) all sorts of Union past,
Leap'd into Form, and made a World at last,)
Asserts 'twill perish (as it came,) by chance.
A Third, the Earth is fix'd, and all above,
Sun, Moon, and Stars for ever round it move:
Others, call this in doubt,
And say, the Earth is whirl'd about;
By a *Finger* and a *Thumb* at first set up,
And spun e're since just like a School-boys *Top*;
While all the Heav'nly *Orbs* of Light
Stand gazing on and wonder at the Sight!
Some that the *Moon*'s a World, and add withall
This Globe, on which we tread, this pondrous Ball,
(A fine Task to discuss,)
Is but a *Moon* to *That*, as *That* to us.

XII.

No less contradictory are all
Their *Notions* of the *Soul*;
So hard, so difficultly solv'd,
And with so many wild Perplexities involv'd,
The more we unravel, w'are the less resolv'd: So

So a benighted *Traveller* that ſtrays,
And comes to have, at once, his choice of many ways,
(For what is Human Wiſdom but a *Maze*?)
Stands reaſoning with himſelf, and doubtfull long,
Chooſes, and wanders further in the wrong;
As dark, and as abſtruſe is what they ſay
Of Mankind's final good,
As little underſtood:
Here one does place it, and another there;
And all the while, alas! they graſp but *Air*:
For certain Happineſs we ne're can know,
A *Jewel* 'tis too glorious to be worn below.
How ſenſeleſs, and how vain a thing is *Man!*
That with his little Span, (to Scan!
Pretends the Height, and Depth, and Breadth of *Providence*
Attempts to graſp whole *Nature* in his hand,
Whoſe ſmalleſt Part he ne're can underſtand!
From hence my *Muſe* with conſcious awe retires,
And all She cannot comprehend, admires.

XIII.

Pardon me, generous *Souls*, I have digreſt too long;
Yet this Digreſſion has not done you wrong:

For

For while I ſhew the Follies you deſpiſe,
The Lions skins that you pluck off, and find
What ſordid Creatures lurk behind;
Cowards and Coxcombs, who in that diſguiſe,
VVou'd be courageous thought, and wiſe;
VVhile this I tell, Unbyaſt Men will gueſs
By the vain Paths you ſhun,
In what a noble Track you run,
And by the Vice you hate, the Virtues you poſſeſs.
Your Virtues, which, by me,
If you aſſiſt, ſhall be
Deliver'd down to all Poſterity!
Here, therefore, I again your Aid require,
That with freſh Spirit you'd the *Muſe* inſpire;
That while through airy untrac'd ways I fly,
And nothing ſee but Sky,
I to your merit may a worthy Tribute bring,
And keep the towring *Pegaſus* on wing,
Till it has fixt your Name
Among the happieſt Favorites of Fame:
From her Records ne're to be rac't,
Till the loud Trumpets general blaſt,
And Nature, Death, and Time, have breath'd their laſt.

XIV.

XIV.

First, your *Religion* ſhall be ſhown;
Thô *Zealots* may, perhaps, think you have none.
All vain Diſputes you do avoid;
Diſputes, with which, of late, w'have been ſo cloy'd:
But chiefly thoſe that tend
This Faith t'oppoſe, or That defend,
For ſuch can never have an end:
For while there wants a meaſure to decide
The Right from VVrong, the Difference muſt abide.
True, *Scripture* is ſufficient, and wou'd do't,
But that, alas! is mute;
And this will wreſt it one way, that another,
And knowing this, why keep they ſuch a pother?
The Points in Queſtion, I'le not here
Pretend to darken, or to clear,
But leave 'em to the holy wrangling Men,
Such *Jargon* wou'd defile a *Poets* Pen:
Yet this, without a Perſpective, I ſee,
Their Intereſt, Prejudice, and Pride, will ne're let 'em agree;
Each day the difference grows more wild,
And all the Parties are reſolv'd not to be reconcil'd

Thus

Thus, to their everlasting Shame,
They fix a Scandal on the *Christian* Name,
And tarnish the bright Lustre of its (else unspotted) Fame.
'Tis this that makes the *Atheist* sneer and laugh,
And equally at all *Religion* scoff;
For how, (they'l say,)
How can we chuse but go astray,
When ev'n our Guides themselves take each a different (way?
And these damn those without reprieve,
For not believing what they can't believe?

XV.

But you, *Illustrious Souls*, see this,
See all, and know that all's amiss,
And very wisely trace
The moderate Path, and keep the moderate Pace;
While violent Men, daz'd in their rash Career,
Fall from their Aim, and meet the Ills they fear.
But *Carrier-like*, you cheerfully jogg on,
(Yet not so slow, to mire,
Nor yet so fast, to tire,)
And the Extreams of either side you shun.
And just as the kind Sun

(That cheers you while he ſhines,)
Has chang'd the Shadows, and declines,
You'l arrive ſafely at your happy Inn,
When others the long Journy but begin:
Loſt and benighted, on they ſtray,
And periſh in their Doubt, before 'tis Day.
In ſhort, *Faiths* neceſſary *Rules* are few,
And you thoſe *Rules* purſue;
And a good Man has little elſe to do.

XVI.

Your Morals too with your Religion fit,
And both are ſuited to your Wit:
Your Wit, which does deſerve immortal Praiſe,
A VVreath of Stars inſtead of Bays;
Your VVit, which can at once inſtruct and pleaſe,
And give, unfelt, the vitious Patient eaſe;
Diſcover his looſe Deeds, and frantick Thoughts,
And laugh him to a loathing of his Fau'ts.
Your VVit, which, while y'are talking, thoſe that hear
Could wiſh they were all Ear;
So eagerly they do each VVord devour!
So winning and ſurprizing is it's Power!

Not

Not taken up on Truſt, no plated Braſs,
But current Coin that every where will paſs;
From painful Learning, and Experience drain'd,
And not without much Toyle and Study gain'd.
No glaring *Meteor*, that makes us gaze,
And ſpends itſelf all in a blaze;
But, like the Sun, a laſting ſource of light,
VVhich thô it muſt decline, 'tis but to riſe more bright.
Your VVit! which never values Man the more
For VVealth and Power,
Or what his lewd Ambition does devour:
His Pride, Vain-glory, and his awful Port,
That meets ſo much ſervile regard at Court,
It juſtly damns, and makes a May-game ſport.
No barren Jeſts, or Clinches ere from you take Birth,
'Tis Mirth to You to ſee Fools make it Mirth.

XVII.

VVhen met, with grave Diſcourſe you firſt begin,
Chaſt, Moral, Learn'd and VViſe,
Such as all uſeful Knowledge does comprize,
And ev'n from Kings might juſt Attention win.

Shew us how far w'have been misled,
Both by the Living and the Dead:
Free us from Prejudice and Lies,
Nonsense, Impossibilities,
And VVolves in Sheeps disguise,
With all the snares Malice and Zeal have laid,
By bringing our own *Reason* to our Aid:
Our *Reason*, still in danger try'd,
And always prov'd a faithful Guide:
Reason, the *Polar* Star,
That does discover Happiness from far;
Straiten the crooked Path found by so few,
Contract the Space, and set all Heav'n in view.
A Pilot that can through Life's Ocean Steer,
As safe in Storms, as if the Skies were clear:
While those who stupidly believe,
And pin their Faith upon a *Zealot*'s Sleeve,
Are still with Doubts and killing Fears perplext,
This hour of one persuasion, none the next:
But *Reason*, drest in *Adamantine* Arms,
Does end the frightful *Charms*;
All subtle Shifts descry,
With it's sharp-sighted *Eagles* Eye,
Before whose pow'rful Rays, the gloomy *Phantoms* fly.

XVIII.

XVIII.

VVhile thus you hold Discourse, the Gobblet's crown'd,
And twice or thrice does nimbly move around:
Care, that disturber of our Rest,
That grows habitual to the Breast,
And hardly ever leaves what it has once possest;
Ev'n that curst Fiend at such a Time takes wing,
You hardly think there's such a thing.
Yet nothing Impious or profane,
Lewd, Ridiculous, or Vain;
Nothing is spoke, but what the *Nuns* might hear,
VVere they much chaster than they are:
VVith *You* Mirth's cloath'd in it's true Genuine Shape,
Not like an Ass, an Owl, or Ape,
But in the same Garb it was dreſt by *Ben*;
There's as much difference between Mirth as Men:
And now you envy not ev'n Kings themselves,
Nor all the under Fry of Courtly *Elves*,
Who, like the Moon, their borrow'd Lustre owe,
And *Tradesmen* are the Suns that make 'em glitter so.
The Troubles of Mortality you view,
(Those num'rous, and it's Blessings few,)

The

The Evil that o're mankind brooding sits,
That fattens Fools, and starves the Wits:
What Fears and Jealousies are broach'd by Knaves,
Believ'd by Cowards, and by Slaves;
And since true Pleasure flits, and will not stay,
You this way take a Draught without allay;
And make the dull Fatigue of Life fly pleasantly away.

XIX.

What Honours then, you mighty Few,
Ought here to be conferr'd on You,
That make Life pleasant, and improve yourselves in knowledge too?
What Trophies to your *Fame* must we erect?
And, O, what Wonders may we not expect,
Tho distant now, brought home within our view,
By Men so qualified as *You!*
That, ev'n at your first setting out, can be
So worthy of a *History!*
But that I know you scorn to raise
A Monument in your own praise,
I should presume to ask
Some One of you to undertake that Task;

For

For where alas! where elſe can there be found
A *Sprat*, your Grandeur to reſound?
VVhere elſe a *Cowley*, in his Lofty Verſe,
Your Glory to rehearſe,
And to the Heav'nly Arch make the loud *Eccho* bound?
Your Glory, which, like the fixt Star, wou'd ſhine,
And as propitious be
To all that want a Guide, as he,
Had this great Subject been adorn'd by any *Muſe*, but Mine.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Poems and Plays, Printed for *H. Herringman*, and sold by *Joseph Knight*, and *Francis Saunders*.

In Folio.

Beaumont & *Fletchers* Plays.
Shakespear's Plays.
Sir *William Davenant*'s Plays.
Earl of *Orrery*'s 4 Plays.
Sir *Rob. Howard*'s 4 Plays.
Mr. *Cowley*'s Poems.
Earl of *Orrery*'s Poems on the Festivals of the Church.
Mr. *Killegrew*'s Plays.
Mrs. *Philips* Poems and Plays.

In Quarto.

Mr. *Dryden*'s Plays in 2 vol. viz.
Indian Emperor.
Royal Martyr.
Mock-Astrologer.
Granada 2 parts.
Sir *Martin Marr-All.*
Marriage A-la-Mode.
Love in a Nunnery.
All for Love.
Maiden-Queen.
Wild Gallant.
Rival-Ladies.
Tempest, alter'd by him.
Amboyna.
Aurenge Zebe.
State of Innocence.
Of Dramatick Poesie, an Essay.

By Mr. *Witcherly.*

Love in a Wood.
Gentleman Dancing-Master.

By Sir *George Etheridge.*

She Wou'd if She Cou'd.
Sir *Foplin Flutter.*
Love in a Tub.

By Mr. *Shadwell.*

Sullen Lovers.
Humorists.
Psyche.
Virtuoso.
Royal Shepherdess.
Epsom Wells.
Libertine.
Timon of *Athens*, altered by him.

By Sir *Charles Sidly.*

Mulberry Garden.

By Several Persons.

Adventures of Five Hours.
Love in the Dark.
The Usurper.
The Coffee-House.
The *Roman* Empress.
The Mayor of *Queenborough.*
The Womans Conquest.
The Amazon Queen.
Sir *Francis Drake.*
Peleus and *Thetis.*

Poetry in Octavo.

Lord *Brooks* Remains.
Sir *Robert Howard*'s Poems.
Mr. *Howard*'s British Princess.
Esq; *Ayre*'s Lyric Poems, being Translations out of several Authors.
Sir *John Sucklin*'s Poems.
Sir *John Denham*'s Poems.
Sir *Richard Fanshaw*'s Pastor Fido.
Mr. *Waller*'s Poems.
Dr. *Donn*'s Poems.